Unorthodox Remedies

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Unorthodox Remedies

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Summary

A minor stabbing injury isn't going to stop Will Graham from getting the best lay of his life in the University Medical Center New Orleans. He's young and stupid, and more than a little reckless, but he knows what he wants even through the searing pain of his shoulder.

Notes

Day 6 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Hospital

Some healing of the sexual variety for dear Hannigram

See the end of the work for more notes

A minor stabbing injury isn't going to stop Will Graham from getting the best lay of his life in the *University Medical Center New Orleans.* He's young and stupid, and more than a little reckless, but he knows what he wants even through the searing pain of his shoulder.

"Officer Graham. I didn't expect to see you this evening. Especially under such - colorful - conditions." Hannibal Lecter steps into the tiny cubicle of the emergency room, nothing but a thin curtain separating them from the rest of the patients and doctors milling about just outside its illusion of privacy.

Will knows *now* isn't the time to be inappropriate, or to pin the doctor to the nearest wall and kiss him until his mouth is swollen and raw, but he *wants to.*

He laughs, instead, a self-deprecating little chuckle that brings an answering smile to Hannibal's features. "Yeah, well, you know me. Wildly unpredictable as usual."

The last time he'd been here it had been with a victim of a mugging who needed a head wound assessed. Will had quickly volunteered to bring her to the hospital, as he always did when there was a case that would require a trip to Hannibal's domain, and hadn't left disappointed.

Quickies in supply closets had sort of become their *thing,* and Will was hesitant to break that tentative unspoken agreement even though he knows he caught feelings months ago between blow jobs in the closet, hand jobs in small rooms just like this, and fuck sessions in the back of his cruiser.

But Hannibal isn't permanent. He's only here for another year with Tulane, working at the research hospital to help teach while completing his third doctorate - this one in psychiatry . Will knows Hannibal plans to return to Baltimore and start a practice there, the distance between Louisiana and Maryland feeling more like crossing the Atlantic with how out of the realm of *possible* it feels.

"Indeed. I've never quite been able to predict you." Hannibal observes, his head tilted to the side like a curious bird. It's a look Will has come to recognize as Hannibal's *calibration* look, the doctor sometimes needing to assess a situation and readjust his behaviors accordingly. Will knows he's courting a probable freak of nature, his track record would certainly point in that direction anyway, but he can't help the clench in his gut when Hannibal steps closer .

Hannibal doesn't speak again as he looks over Will's wound, bandaging him up as he goes along. He's fast, good at his job, and Will is almost sad when he pulls away for the last time and Will's arm is in a sling and no longer bleeding in thick rivers down his bicep. He still has blood and dirt from the alleyway embedded under his nails, he can see the dirty little half-moon shapes just beneath the surface, and he shuffles awkwardly to his feet with Hannibal's help, suddenly hyper aware of the filth on his hands.

"I'll suggest bed rest for at least the weekend, though I know you won't take the advice. I'd also prefer you stayed on desk duty for a few weeks while you heal. You stand to do real, irreparable damage to the muscle if you overwork it."

Will nods, shifts to move forward and nearly collapses under the bright pain that bursts from his shoulder. Hannibal *tsks* at him and moves to stop him from hitting the floor, their arms brushing together and the doctor's hand finding Will's waist and settling comfortably, almost proprietary. Will doesn't try to dislodge him.

"Fuck." Will hisses through clenched tight teeth when he moves his opposite arm and the strain *still* manages to pull at the damaged muscles around the knife wound.

"Perhaps we should make a stop at my office before I sign your release forms. I could write you a prescription for something to help with the pain."

Hannibal knows Will doesn't take anything for pain besides what probably amounts to an overdose worthy amount of headache medicine, so Will sees the offering for the opportunity it is and shakes his head quietly, hiding his small smile as Hannibal guides him out with a hand still hovering near his back in case he falls again.

A nurse stops them temporarily on their way to ask Hannibal to sign someone else's discharge paperwork, and then, after what feels like an eternity to Will's screaming shoulder, they are in Hannibal's small office with the door firmly closed.

The sound of the lock clicking into place is deafening in the tight space, and Will nearly flinches with the surprise of it.

True to his suggestion, Hannibal crosses the room and pulls out a prescription pad, scrawling something across the top page in his elegant cursive. He pulls it from the pad, his fingers graceful and taunting as Will watches in rapt attention. He's always appreciated Hannibal's hands, surgeons hands. Artists hands.

And damnably talented when applied to Will's body and cock.

Will feels out of breath, his shoulder throbbing, so he takes a seat in one of the worn leather chairs sat directly across from Hannibal's desk. He feels the weight of Hannibal's gaze upon him and when he finally looks up, their eyes meet and Hannibal is across the room and on his knees in front of Will before either even says a word.

"Hannibal- " Will starts, but words flee him as Hannibal makes quick work of his dirty slacks. He's still partially in uniform, the stiff material of his pants crusted with grim and blood, but Hannibal seems oblivious, solely focused on removing any and all barriers to his goal.

"I would like to suck your cock, Will. Is that alright?" Hannibal interrupts, looking up at Will from between his knees with pupils already blown out with arousal, and Will is helpless to respond with anything but a shaky *yes.*

Hannibal has always been so well spoken, infuriatingly so at times when Will is lost to his passion and Hannibal still seems so unshakeable, so pristine. Will finds himself, not for the first time, wanting to make an utter mess of the good doctor. He would see him shaken and desperate, panting for Will.

It's Will who is breathless now though, his entire body perfectly primed for Hannibal's touch. He shivers violently when he feels the cool flesh of Hannibal's fingertips against the warmth of his cock as Hannibal fishes him out of his underwear, but then he can't think of anything else but blinding pleasure when Hannibal's lips slide down his shaft without delay.

It's not the first time his cock has been buried down the doctor's throat, and he prays, just as he has every time before this, that it won't be the last.

Hannibal, for all his controlled expressions and meticulous facade, is an absolute *mess* when he sucks cock. He stretches his jaw wide around Will, unmindful of discomfort, if there is any, and allows saliva to drip from his cavernous maw, to slide down Will's shaft and pool in the wiry hair nestled at his base. He takes Will to the back of his throat - occasionally, even *farther* - choking himself on the thick shaft like Will's sex is the only thing separating Hannibal from death.

Though he seems to relish in the discomfort, his fingertips dig into the flesh of Will's thighs regardless, and Will moans at the dichotomy of the warm, wet suction around his cock and the sharp sting of Hannibal's manicured nails piercing Will's skin. He'll be littered with small crescent moon marks that will stay etched into him for the rest of the day, tomorrow to be surrounded by the pale purple of fresh bruising as capillaries cave and rupture beneath the force of Hannibal's fingers.

He can't abort the instinctual movement of threading his own fingers through Hannibal's soft hair, mussing it from the fastidious coif the doctor no doubt spent great time shaping it into that morning, and hisses in pain as the stitches in his shoulder are stretched and pulled, raw, tender flesh just attempting to heal abused again already.

Hannibal pulls off of him, and Will whimpers at the loss, even as anxious desire twists in his gut when Hannibal glances up from between his thighs to pierce him with a stern stare. "If you're going to prove so careless with your body, I'm going to be forced to admit you for overnight observation, Officer." Hannibal warns. "And I'm afraid my shift ends in thirty minutes, so you'd only have the nurses for company."

Will swallows hard around the lump in his throat, carefully moves his arms down to rest at his sides, his gaze never leaving the doctor's. "Carry on," he murmurs, voice thick with arousal. Hannibal holds his gaze a moment longer and then returns to devouring Will's cock with a soft, contented hum.

He's heedful of Hannibal's warning, painfully aware of the arms that hang uselessly on either side of him. All he can do to show his appreciation of Hannibal's ministrations is moan his approval, tilt his hips up subtly into the wet heat of the doctor's mouth. After several more iterations of Will's cockhead meeting the spongy flesh at the back of Hannibal's throat, the other man pulls off entirely, shushing Will's discontented whine as he lathes his tongue down Will's dripping cock, pausing only when he reaches Will's testicles.

His eyes dart up to Will's as his tongue swipes over Will's sack, flat and broad, and Will gives a groan of appreciation. He laps at the area a few more times, determined to stimulate Will's balls as much as possible with only his tongue, before pausing, lips pressed against his sack as he murmurs, "I'd like to take you out, Will."

Will's breath had left him long ago, so he's not surprised in the least when he can only gasp out a dumb sounding, "What?"

Hannibal's lips curl into a smirk, Will can feel the shape of it pressed into his skin. The doctor tilts his head and places a kiss that is somehow chaste to the base of his cock before raising his head higher, amber eyes still locked onto Will's. "I very much enjoy these interludes of ours, but I've decided I'd like to take you out." He mouths at the base of Will's cock after he speaks, as though he's not just uttered a sentence that would change *everything* between them.

Not that Will doesn't want that as well. He's spent far too many nights - and an equal number of days - fantasizing about the doctor, about what it might be like to have a more... *conventional* relationship with him. But Hannibal has never expressed his desire for anything other than these brief, sloppy trysts, and Will's finds himself utterly *floored* at the prospect of being offered *more.*

"Out to drinks," he murmurs against Will's shaft before placing another wet kiss to it, "Out to dinner."

"Why?" Will asks, perplexed, because he's an absolute moron that can't just accept an amazing opportunity when it's handed to him on a silver platter.

"Because you are singularly the most fascinating person I've had the pleasure to meet since I arrived in this country. Because I believe you and I are more alike than either of us might realize, and I'd like to explore that further. ...And because I simply wish to have you on my arm, to flaunt you before all that would turn envious gazes to me, wondering just what I've done to ensure the company of such a devastatingly beautiful creature."

Hannibal flattens his tongue and glides it up along the thick vein of Will's cock, then, and Will barely has the forethought to stifle his cry as his cock spasms with his release, teeth sinking into his bottom lip, tearing into the flesh until he tastes copper.

Hannibal is quick to envelop him once more, drinking down Will's release as it pulses into his mouth. He gives a self-indulgent moan as he swallows that sends a shiver down Will's spine, already tingling with pleasure. His eyes, when he glances up at Will, are heavy-lidded and shining with satisfaction. Will shudders and chokes down on a whine when Hannibal gives his spent, sensitive cock one more sharp suck as he pulls off, bites his lip to quiet his moan when the doctor's bruised lips twist into a self-indulgent smirk and he practically purrs the word *exquisite.*

Will's gaze falls lower, to the unignorable bulge between Hannibal's legs, the shameful evidence of Will being all too eager to accept his own servicing from the doctor while in turn giving no thought to the other man's pleasure. He shifts his foot, nudges it gently between Hannibal's thighs, brushing over his need. "Let me -" he begins.

But Hannibal is already shaking his head, shifting from his position on the floor to stand tall and proud before Will with more effortless grace than any one person should possess, especially with such a massive boner.

He pulls a kerchief from his pocket, dabbing at his spit-slicked mouth and chin, and then sends a hand through his hair, righting it from the mess Will began to make of it. Within seconds, the only visual tell that remains of their inappropriate interlude is the blood that still darkens Hannibal's lips and the erection trapped in his tailored trousers - and even *that* is already beginning to subside, as though the fussy doctor need only inform his biology that its natural reactions are currently inconvenient and it would simply bend to his will.

"I believe, at this time, doing so would put more strain on your shoulder than advised," Hannibal explains. Will is about to suggest that sitting perfectly still and letting Hannibal fuck his face would *hardly* put strain on his shoulder, but then the doctor continues, "In any case, it turns out I've decided that I'd like to keep you under observation for the night after all."

Will opens his mouth to protest, indignant by the suggestion that he can't be trusted not to hurt himself further, that he requires someone to mind him for the next twelve hours like some toddler stuck at home with a *babysitter.* But his sharp words fail him when he catches the bright, mirthful shine in Hannibal's amber gaze, the playful smirk that twists his mouth, so rarely seen and yet somehow entirely at home on his kissable lips.

"Lucky for you that my evening is wide open," he continues, stepping back toward the door of his office, leaving Will to hastily shove his softened cock away and do up his pants one-handed. "So. I think we can see to getting those discharge papers for you. *If* you consent to further treatment?"

A myriad of thoughts storm Will's mind, spin about like a hurricane; seeing Hannibal outside the hospital, fucking in a proper bed, falling asleep together and, somehow even more enticing, *waking up together.*

Will stands from his chair, arm held carefully to his side to avoid jostling it. He meets Hannibal's expectant gaze, a smirk of his own twisting his lips. "I'm happy to say the two of us see eye to eye when it comes to more... *unorthodox* remedies."

Hannibal's smirk widens into a grin, fully-fledged with white, gleaming teeth. "Excellent."

End Notes

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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